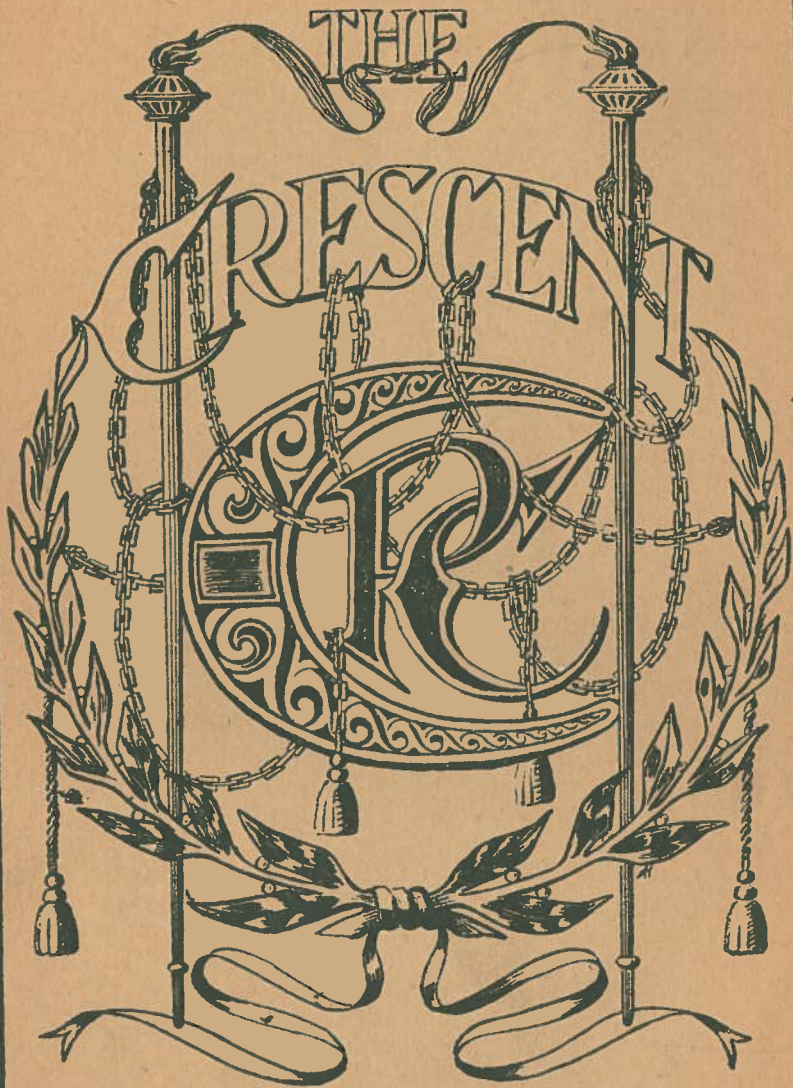


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THE CRESCENT.

VOL. XVII.

JANUARY, 1906.

NO. 3

No Regrets.

"Wal, want ter see the country?" inquired my host as we sat on the wide porch, watching the first evening stars appear.

"Yes," I replied eagerly. "I just long to ride over the plains."

"Wal, I kind er think maybe I can subdue your longins 'bout tomorrow mornin. I was a talkin to Martha while you was gone to the postoffice, that I orter to be able to haul yerself 'round these here plains a little—long's I am pocketin yer four hundred cents every seven days fer a month."

"Indeed, Mr. Jarney, I wish you to feel no obligations to drive me over these fine roads. I think my board very reasonable."

"Wal, now, I swear, I never thought of drivin' yer. Haw, haw! Wouldn't yer cut a swell figer 'tween a pair of shafts fast to our new runabout, and see Wild-fire a settin' up in the seat with me, viewin' the grand, uplittin plains and sayin: 'Wal, Mr. Jarner, this is a 'vigoratin ride.' "

"Well that's one on me, Mr. Jarney," I said laughing. "I see I must be very careful to speak my mind clearly."

"Wal, no harm done, I hope."

"None whatever."

We sat in silence for awhile, each absorbed in his own thoughts. At last I said:

"Many young folks in this vicinity?" My host

seemed perplexed for a moment, then said:

"Wal' now, I swear, I swear, I spose 'vacinity' means about the same as hereabouts, and they ain't a great sight of young folks. Wal, now, there's Becky's girl—she will be three years old next week. Then there's Jack's boy—he was just two weeks old yesterday. Then there's Joe Kark's sister—she is thirty-five if she is a day. Then the school-master and Lucy Goodall—wal they don't 'mount to much, except to each other—'cause they be engaged."

"That's interesting," I remarked.

"What is? Bein engaged?" He peered keenly at me through the gathering darkness.

"It's generally interesting to the ones concerned," I replied.

"Wal, you 'pear to have some experience about the subject. I hope you regret nuthin—wal, I'll let it pass."

"Is that all the young folks? Seems to me their ages vary greatly."

"Wal, let me see. Them Starn boys must be nigh on ter thirty. Ain't married or nuthin."

"Indeed! Do they live alone?"

"Nope. Say, Mr. Zhn, there's a chance fer yer. By gum, but that thar is just what yer been lookin' fer."

"What?" I asked.

"Wal, I said its just what yer want. Yer see, these two boys have a sister—yep, I see an intelligent look overtake yer face. Yer beginin to grasp my meanin'."

"You must have strong eyes, Mr. Jarney, to see my expression."

"Wal, now, my eyes used to be strong enough to bring a person right to me. Fer instance, when I was a courtin Martha, she herself owns that it was my

eyes that brung her to me. Mabe you'd like to hear 'bout my courtin' days?"

"Yes indeed," I said heartily. "I don't know of anything I'd enjoy more."

"Wal, let me see. I began hearin 'bout Martha Cums in the spring of 1870. I was nigh on ter thirty-five myself, but so blasted bashful I couldn't talk ter a girl I cared fer. Wall, I didn't loose much sleep about her till after I met her at a party at her Uncle Tome's—Wal, then I—" he made a frantic gesture.

"What's the matter?" I anxiously inquired.

"Wal, nuthin, but I thought there was. I thought an animal the size of a rattle snake had bit me, but it was just a muskeet."

"You were saying that you—"

"Wal that's so, I didn't finish what I was sayin'. Wal, after I met Martha, it was all over with me," he sighed deeply, then continued; "I was in the blandist hot water fer a month. Lots hotter than bilin water. She just delighted ter see me a gettin cooked clean through. She acted up wus than a colt—would run away at any of my approaches to sentiment. Wal, things went on so fer a month—seemed like eternity to me, when I finally tuk my heart in my vest pocket and saw her dad. He scowled at first—then, when I had just been taken into partnership with my uncle, he gave me one of the beamingist smiles ever pictured on a hyena—no disrespect ter him—and slapped me on my back so hard that I stumbled over a blasted cat and most fell kerspunk, and said: 'She's your'n my boy, if she gives her consent.' Wal, would yer believe it, I met Martha at the gate and I just tuk hold of both her hands and sez I: 'Martha I've been in bilin water long enough. I love yer and ask yer to marry me, will yer?'

She turned kind er palish lookin but didn't say a word ner look at me. I just tuk both her hands in one of mine and raised her chin with the other. Still she wouldn't look at me. 'Martha, will yer say yes er no. I can't hold yer hand an chin much longer.' She swallowed somethin—maybe a piece of candy Job Jorn gave her, and started to say 'no,' but looked inter my eyes before she finished sayin it. The result was, n—yes." My eyes, she said afterwards was what won the day. She said they spoke more than my words, and she never regretted their speekin. Wal, I hain't never regretted her final answer neither, and here it is nigh on ter thirty-four years since then."

"I should think you'd know whether it was interesting to be engaged," I said.

"Wal, now, I never thought on it before, but it is rather interestin—but I had the blandist hardist work gettin there, that I ever had in my life."

"I hope you are always as successful in anything you undertake," I said, not wishing the conversation to cease.

"Wal now, young man, thats a purty fine smellin boka you just threw at me. Say, yer from the city, ain't yer?"

"Yes."

"Wal, I never had no time fer cities—a place whar the buildins look down on yer with about nine hundred and ninety eyes, and whar horses keep whirlin 'round."

"Whirling around?" I interrupted.

"Yep. When I was in the city onct, I saw a horse comin towards me, but before the blasted beast got to me, I saw it whirl right round and go ahead of me. Mabe it was 'nuther horse—but I didn't see them change places. Wal, it's time we were ter sleep if we're

goin drivin termorrer."

When he left me at the door of my room, he said: "Wal, decide 'tore mornin whose goin ter be drove, yer-self er Wildfire. Good night ter yer."

"Good night, Mr. Jarney," I said laughing. He chuckled all the way down stairs.

GRACE RAE, '08.

Basketball, Pacific College vs. Monmouth.

Pacific College started its basketball season Saturday night, December 2, with a well earned victory, defeating the Monmouth team on the home floor by the close score of 18 to 16. The game was an interesting one, the kind that calls forth all the noise that is available for at no time was the game cinched by either side. Butler, of the visitors, began the scoring in the first few minutes of play and during the first half the score was kept close, Monmouth being in the lead at the close of the half with the score of 6 to 7.

The old habit of the P. C. boys to play their best game in the second half, was renewed this year, and they gamely outclassed their visitors during this part of the game. Pacific's score took a sudden shoot from 6 to 16 while Monmouth's remained 8. Then, with but a few more minutes in which to play, two things happened which changed things considerably. One was that Hodson, our center, who so far, had scored 10 points, got his knee sprained. The other was that Thorp, Monmouth's official, caught sight of the score board and then he got busy and at the close of the game, the score stood 18 to 16.

Pacific put up one of the best defensive games ever witnessed on the home floor. But one basket was

thrown over our guards, Monmouth only being allowed three baskets during the game. C. B. '07.

The lineup was as follows:

FIRST TEAM		MONMOUTH
Cahill	F	Force
W. Remberton	F	Stine
Hodson	C	Smith
Macy	G	Butler
Spaulding	G	Johnson

P. C. VS. TIGERS.

It was under rather embarrassing conditions that the 2nd basketball team entered the arena to combat with the Tigers of the Y. M. C. A. at Portland Friday evening December 1st. The floor was large and only two of the P. C. players had been in a public game before.

When time was called at the end of the first half the score stood 30 to 5 in favor of the Tigers. The second half was a good exhibition of clean and fast basketball. If the college boys had played the first half like they did the last the score would have been quite different. The Tigers scored in the last half 9 and Pacific boys 7. The final score being 39 to 12 in favor of the Tigers. D. K. '08.

The following is the lineup:

SECOND TEAM		TIGERS
Maris	F	Moore
Haworth	F	Rugh-Urick
Hoskins	C	Hartman
R. Pemberton	G	Merrick
Clough	G	Schwartz

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Happy New Year.

1905 is past with all its achievements and failures. We look back. It has meant much to us. There have been opportunities, some have been improved and some are lost forever. It has brought joys and pleasures and to some it has brought sorrow. Perhaps some loved one who greeted us on our return home for vacation a year ago, will not meet us this year. But this is life. Let us heave a sigh for the past and turn to greet 1906 with smiling if tear dimmed eyes. There all is bright and possibilities seem unlimited. Let us profit by the mistakes of the past and push forward determined to achieve everything which 1906 can possibly hold for us.

The time for achievement is at hand. The next few months hold many possibilities for Pacific College. Oratorical contests, debates and games. What shall the record be? Students it depends to some extent on each one of you.

Say! Who is going to represent Pacific College and win out in the next state contest? Well, why don't you do it? We mean you! Don't say you "can't write an oration" and "can't speak" and "do not expect to try." To be sure these things do not come in a day, but are not "words fitly spoken" as golden as ever? Somewhere it is written about common looking rocks being a frequent hiding place for gems. Who knoweth what may be hidden away in a man or in you for instance. Come out of it! Stir up the gift! Take 5 per cent "Mother Wit" add 95 per cent hard work and earnestness and you have something that wins contests. It's been tried. It floats. W. R. M. '06.

The Agoreton.

The Agoreton Club has resolved itself into a senate and is now holding its first term of congress. Among the questions that have been discussed, might be mentioned Woman Suffrage, Insurance and Railroad Legislation. At the last meeting the president's message was read and discussed.

Next term the time will be largely given up to debate work. By the aid of the club we ought to be able to put out a strong debating team this year.

Crescent.

The Crescent has done some fine work the past term—especially when compared to that of the spring term of last year. Although the majority of members

are Seniors—and all know the many "extras" that Seniors have to contend with—yet the programs have shown real work. The marshal needs a word of commendation, for he has shown great tact and care in the collecting of fines and dues, thus keeping up the attendance of the meetings. All prospects seem bright for good work the coming term.

Junta.

Another month has passed, and four more programs have been rendered with great success. Music has been a prominent feature in almost every program. Each member is willing to do his best to make Junta a success. No longer can it be said that the Crescent is more interesting and more successful than the Junta. Prof. Davis has wisely advised the members during the fall term. The seed was sown in good ground. On the 12th of December Cecil Hadley and Russell Lewis rendered banjo and violin music which greatly interested the members. We invite the members of Crescent to be present when time will permit and perhaps we can give or receive a few points.

Y. W. C. A.

The attendance at Y. W. C. A. speaks well for the leaders. The prayer meeting committee has done well in the choice of practicable subjects that bring out lessons of true worth. On last Tuesday the girls met at half past eight in the morning for the first time. It was very satisfactory. We were not tired from a day's work and it in some way put a vigorous cheerful spirit within that made things seem worth while throughout the day.

Locals.

Those little books of the senior girls are responsible for many a lost study hour.

Roy Bates ex-'08 visited college friends November 4th.

Nathan Cook and J. Mills are new students this month.

Mr. and Mrs. Thorne, of Pendleton, also Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Thorne, of this city, were recent chapel visitors.

On Monday evening the 11th Miss Lena Spangle was given a birthday surprise at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Eli L. Evans. A fine time is reported.

Married, at the home of the bride's parents at Tigardville, at high noon on Thanksgiving day, Mr. Walter H. Chalmers and Miss Florence Wilson, Rev. Gould officiating. Miss Wilson was a member of '05 class.

Lynn Clough, Cecil Hoskins and Paul Maris spent Thanksgiving at the home of the latter in Portland.

Walter B. Hadley, P. C. '01, and Yale '03, now in the employ of the U. S. Forestry Bureau, visited college the 11th.

On Wednesday November 22nd at the home of the bride's parents in this city, occurred the marriage of Miss Ethel Smith and Tyra A. Hutchens. They will make their home in eastern Washington.

Forward section of Junior and Senior rows, refreshments served 2:30 p. m. Donations always acceptable.

At the dormitory at dinner. Mrs. Osborne: "Gert-rude, what will you have?" Gertude: "Rice, please."

It is rumored that there are to be some new lights in the gymnasium. It hardly seems necessary considering the new suits which the basketball boys have.

On Wednesday evening before Thanksgiving Roscoe Cahill very pleasantly entertained fourteen friends in honor of Shurl Pearson.

Lelia Littlefield recently entertained the Royal Five. Taffy pulling was an enjoyable feature of the evening.

A letter from Prof. Jones—now of Yale—was read in chapel recently. It contained an interesting account of the Yale-Harvard football game, also much else of interest.

In Psychology, Wiltred—"Well, monkeys are half human anyway." President—"Yes, or it may be just the other way."

H. O. Hill, Pacific Coast Secretary Y. M. C. A., gave the boys a very helpful address on the evening of November 27th.

Mary M—night of Rev. Short's lecture—"You girls come to my funeral. I'm going home now to prepare (for) my 'Will'."

In Psychology, President—"Wilfred, mention some emotions." Wilfred—"O joy, O bliss," etc.

Histories of tame crows, swine, and monkeys have been the interesting subjects of Psychology discussions lately.

Don Chase, dreaming—"Kenneth, Kenneth! Take me quick! Nellie is going to get me."

The boys should appreciate the girls' interest in athletics now since the fact has been disclosed that to their sisters they owe their basket ball—rules and all.

Mrs. Douglas gave an interesting and suggestive chapel talk Tuesday December 12. We all feel the strain of the home stretch and think it's about time to display our heretofore hidden latent abilities.

Unless conditions change it will be necessary for Prof. Davis to make a few remarks in chapel. Students please take note and relieve him from this painful duty.

Mrs. D., in Greek—"Bring out the details of your destruction."

Arthur W., in Latin—"He endured the doctor for his sister's sake." Chester H.—"No, he means for his daughter's sake."

In Political Economy, President—"What is the end of life then?" M. M.—"Death."

At her home Saturday evening Miss Helena Ferguson pleasantly entertained the J. R. F's. and several other friends in honor of her eighteenth birthday. The evening was spent in games after which light refreshments were served. The members of the J. R. F. presented her with a beautiful gold broach.

Prof. Partington ridicules timidity in girls, but some way a live woodpecker appearing very suddenly in his desk does prove rather disconcerting and his fright is anything but affected.

Lenora Parker was surprised by a crowd of friends one Friday evening after Crescent. It was a genuine old fashioned surprise. A jolly good time was had.

Exchange.

JUST A LITTLE LATIN.
Boyibus kissibus

Sweet girl'orum.
Girlibus likibus,
Wantie somorum.
Popibus hearibus
Kisse somorum—
Kickibus boyibus
Out of the dorum.
Darkibus nightibus,
No lightorium;
Dlimibus Gateibus—
Breechibus torum.—Ex.

"He called her lily, pansy, rose
And every other flower of spring.
Said she: 'I can't be all of those,
So you must lilac everything'."—Ex.

The Cardinal is an interesting paper and the last issue has a new cover which is very neat, but would it not be better if you had your address on the cover.

The Jayhawker, from Kansas City, is a new paper to our table and is well worth reading.

On each end of the sofa
They sat in vain regrets:
She had been eating onions
He smoking cigarettes.—Ex.

Another neat cover to the Clarion, Salem High School. The inside is as good.

The last issue of the Weekly Chemawa American contains some good cuts, especially the ones between pages four and five.

Said the fly to the paper,
Which held him like glue,
You're very bewitching,
I'm stuck on you.—Ex.

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